

Title: To Chase the Wind, Part One

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Alayla points to a
rocky formation
resembling a horse in
the distance saying,
"Have you ever
wondered how Equine
Hill got its name? Or
how it came to be?

"Have you ever sat
on it's craggy surface
and listened to the
wind cry and moan
through it's cracks
and crevices?

"Well, gather round
my friends, and let
me tell you the story
of "To Chase the Wind"
as it was handed down
to me."

Alayla looks
thoughtfully at
Equine Rock one more
time, glowing red with
the setting sun.....

The last light of day
shining through what
appears to be an eye,
giving the rock
formation a semblance
of life, before closing
her eye's and speaking
softly, begins to
spin a tale of
mystery, and
romance. As with
any story of legend or
lore, this one too takes
place a long time ago,
back when the Gods
visited our land a little
more often, back
when our innocence
was still new.....

Born in the spring to
very proud parents, a
little colt with long
spindly legs stood for

his first time. His parents, proud of what their love had brought forth into this world, knew right away that there was something special about their son.

His legs were long and strong, his mane flowing behind his back as if he were already "chasing the wind" which was the reference used to describe the fastest of the herd.

His eyes twinkled with intelligence, and his voice, though tiny, was filled with the wonder of the world around him, and his coat shone with the gold of the sun.

They named him "Windchaser" and raised him in the shadow of their love, nurturing him to manhood.

"Windchaser" found at an early age that he could indeed run with the best of the herd, and as he grew, all came to know and respect him. The filly's in the herd all sought to win his heart, but all Windchaser cared for was the feel of the wind in his mane, and the sound of his hooves flying over the surface of Britannia.

One day while resting under the shade of a tree, his sides heaving gently from the day's run, Windchaser, speaking out loud to himself, wondered on what it would be like to actually catch the wind.

"I can feel the wind touch me," thought Windchaser out loud, "why could I not one day touch her?"

Knowing the folly of his words, Windchaser laughed quietly to himself, "imagine me, daydreaming of elementals, what would any of them ever see in me?"

The wind, hearing Windchaser's words, was instantly attracted to the beautiful stallion who bore her name, and began to talk to him softly. Using the leaves of the tree beneath which he rested, Wind sang to him in melodic sounds, and Windchaser fell in love immediately.

Over the course of the next few weeks, Windchaser could be seen running across Britannia, his heart beating within his broad chest, his lungs heaving, trying desperately to keep up with the wind.

Occasionally wind would slow down to give Windchaser a gentle push from behind, or to brush his mane from his deep set eyes, touching him in the only way she could.

At night she would sing him to sleep, blowing through the tall grasses, rustling gently through the leaves of the trees, caressing him with warm southerly winds.

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